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Selected Poetry.

The Dying Year.

From the old woods dim and lonely,
Comes a moan:
There the winds are sighing only,
"Summer's gone!"
All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy bowers,
With the summer's latest flowers,
Are faded now,
And the brow
Of the waning year,
Has been twined with dying leaves,
And the gathering sheaves
Tell us autumn's here.
Now the winds go loudly moaning
Through the vales;
And the forest trees are groaning
Mournful tales
Of decay that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snow that like a feather
Soon will fall;
And the call
Of death is sighing
Over all the rippling streams,
And the summer's lingering gleams
Are so sadly dying.
'Tis the waning, waning twilight
Of the year
That hovers now all strangely bright,
Round us here;
And soon the year will pass away,
Like the light of an autumn day,
Adown old winter's dim highway
To its tomb;
And the gloom
Of the silent land
Will rest on the bright years flown;
And the winds of time will mean
O'er the dreamless land.

Speech of Ex-President Davis.

At the meeting of ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors held in Richmond a few days since, Mr. Davis made the following eloquent speech:
As Mr. Davis arose to walk to the stand, every person in the house rose to his feet, and there followed such a storm of applause as seemed to shake the very foundations of the building, while cheer upon cheer was echoed from the throats of veterans saluting one whom they delighted to honor.
Mr. Davis spoke at length, and with his accustomed thrilling, moving eloquence. He addressed his hearers as "Soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, comrades and friends." Assembled on this sad occasion, with hearts oppressed with the grief that follows the loss of him who was our leader on many a bloody battle-field, a pleasing though melancholy spectacle is presented. Hitherto, and in all times, men have been honored when successful, but here is the man

in Virginia's annals, given by Virginia to the service of the United States, he represented her in the Military Academy at West Point. He was not educated by the Federal Government, but by Virginia; for she paid her full share for the support of that institution, and was entitled to demand in return the services of her sons. Entering the army of the United States, he represented Virginia there also, and nobly. On many a hard-fought field Lee was conspicuous, battling for his native State as much as for the Union. He came from Mexico crowned with honors, covered by brevets, and recognized, young as he was, as one of the ablest of his country's soldiers. And to prove that he was estimated then as such, let me tell you that when Lee was a Captain of Engineers, stationed in Baltimore, the Cuban Junta, in New York, selected him to be their leader in the struggle for the independence of their native country. They were anxious to secure his services and offered him every temptation that ambition could desire. He thought the matter over, and I remember, came to Washington to consult me as to what he should do, and when I began to discuss the complications which might arise from his acceptance of the trust, he gently rebuked me, saying: "It is not the line upon which he wished my advice, the simple question was, 'Whether it was right or not.' He had been educated by the United States, and felt wrong to accept a place in the army of a foreign power. Such was his extreme delicacy, such was the nice sense of honor of the gallant gentleman whose death we deplore. But when Virginia withdrew—the State to whom he owed his first and last allegiance—the same nice sense of honor led him to draw his sword and throw it in the scale for good or for evil. Pardon me for this brief defence of my illustrious friend.

When Virginia joined the Confederacy, Robert Lee, the highest officer in the little army of Virginia, came to Richmond, and not pausing to inquire what would be his rank in the service of the Confederacy, went to Western Virginia under the belief that he was still an officer of the State. He came back, carrying the heavy weight of defeat and unappreciated by the people whom he served, for they could not know, as I knew, that his plans and orders had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know, nor I would not have known it, had he not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamor which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his going to South Carolina to write a letter to the Governor of that State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet, through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence, without defending himself or allowing others to defend for him, he was unwilling to offend any one who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy.

Mr. Davis then spoke of the straightness to which the Confederacy was reduced, and of the danger to which her capital was exposed just after the battle of Seven Pines, and told how General Lee had conceived and executed the desperate plan to turn their flank and rear, which, after seven days of bloody battle, was crowned with the protection of Richmond, while the enemy was driven far from the city. The speaker referred also to the circumstances attending Gen. Lee's crossing the Potomac and the march into Pennsylvania. He (Mr. Davis) assumed the responsibility for that movement. The enemy had long been concentrating his force, and it was evident that if they continued their steady progress, the Confederacy would be overwhelmed. Our only hope was to drive them to the defence of their own capital, we being enabled in the meantime to re-inforce our shattered army. How well Gen. Lee carried out that dangerous experiment need not be told. Richmond was relieved, the Confederacy was, and time was obtained, if other things had favored, to reinforce the army.

But, said Mr. Davis, I shall not attempt to review the military career of our fallen chieftain. Of the man, how shall I speak? He was my friend, and in that word is included all that I could say of any man. His moral qualities rose to the height of his genius—Self-denying—always intent upon the one idea of duty—self-controlled to an extent that many thought him cold. His feelings were really warm, and his heart melted freely at the sight of a wounded soldier

or the story of the sufferings of the widow and orphan. During the war he was ever conscious of the inequality of the means at his control; but it was never his to complain or to utter a doubt—it was always his to do. When in the last campaign he was beleaguered at Petersburg, and painfully aware of the straightness to which we were reduced, he said: "With my army in the mountains of Virginia, I could carry on this war for twenty years longer." His men exhausted and his supplies failing, he was unable to carry out his plans. An untoward event caused him to anticipate the movement, and the army of Northern Virginia was overwhelmed. But in the surrender he anticipated conditions that have not been fulfilled—he expected his army to be respected and his paroled soldiers to be allowed the enjoyment of life and property. Whether these conditions have been fulfilled, let others say.

Here he now sleeps in the land he loved so well, and that land is not Virginia only, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service for the good of his country, and his heart was as broad as the fifteen States struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the revolution of 1776. He is sleeping in the same soil with the thousands who fought under the same flag, but first offered up their lives. Here the living are assembled to honor his memory, and there the skeleton sentinels keep watch over his grave. This citizen! this soldier! this great General! this true patriot! left behind him the crowning glory of a true Christian. His Christianity ennobled him in life, and affords us grounds for the belief that he is happy beyond the grave.

But, while we mourn the loss of the great and the true, drop we also tears of sympathy with her who was his helpmeet in life—the noble woman who, while her husband was in the field leading the army of the Confederacy, though an invalid herself, passed the time in knitting socks for the marching soldiers. A woman fit to be the mother of heroes—and heroes descended from her. Mourning with her, we can only offer the consolation of a Christian. Our loss is not his, but he now enjoys the rewards of a life well spent and a never wavering trust in a risen Saviour. This day we unite our words of sorrow with those of the good and great throughout Christendom, for his fame is gone over the water—his deeds will be remembered; and when the monuments we build shall have crumbled into dust, his virtues will still live, a high model for the imitation of generations yet unborn.

We have given but a faint idea of the eloquent thoughts and chaste oratory of the speaker. His words were heard with profound attention, and received with frequent applause.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sun beam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceitful grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring over a mirror can not aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from reflection of evil, and is illumined and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

The snow was so deep in Chesapeake county, New Hampshire, last winter, that it was difficult for persons meeting with teams to pass. An eccentric citizen, well known in that county, and having a defect in his speech, was coming to the village with a horse and sleigh, and being about to meet a stranger with a team exclaimed, "Turn out! turn out! my wife is dead!" Upon which the stranger with much difficulty, turned out and gave him the entire road. After he had got fairly by, the stranger turned and inquired of him when his wife died; to which the grief-stricken citizen responded, "about fifteen years ago!"

The Consumption of Gunpowder.
It is generally supposed that in time of war there is a vast increase in the consumption of gunpowder; but this is not the case. It is a curious fact that the arts of war, and that consequently France and Germany will burn less powder from month to month, during the contest, than they otherwise would if peace had continued. Even in the severest and most protracted battles comparatively little is burned. One of the owners of a large powder-mill in this State informed me recently, that he could make at his establishment, before breakfast any morning, all the powder that was consumed at Gettysburg. General Butler stored more powder in his "bomb ship," which he exploded against Fort Fisher, in North Carolina, than was used in some of our most important battles. War takes from mines, manufactories, farms, etc., tens of thousands of men who are constantly engaged in consuming gunpowder for various purposes. In the army they pass months, perhaps years, in idleness, and no occasion is afforded for its use except in salutes, etc., so that they actually consume less in service than out. There was during our contest, especially during the first part of it, increased activity among powder makers, and the materials of gunpowder rose in price, but a very small part of that manufactured was ever consumed. The government has now on hand, in its magazines and arsenals, prodigious quantities; enough, probably, to carry us through two such wars as the last. It may be further observed that probably not one ounce of gunpowder in twenty, used in battles, does any execution. Its explosion serves to increase the "noise and confusion," but comparatively very few are hurt through its agency.

[Boston Journal of Chemistry.]

Too Contented.
Contentment is a very good thing in its place, but it is said that "virtues carried to excess become vices." Some people have the vice of contentment very bad. As Hugh Miller justly remarks of the Scottish Highlanders, their contentment was certainly no virtue, "when it had the effect of arresting all improvement. It is also perilously allied to great suffering, when the men who exemplify it are so thoroughly happy amid the meagerities of the present that they fail to make provision for the contingencies of the future."
There is no merit in being contented with an old leaky roof and patched windows; a house with loose clapboards, and a tangle of door yard, whose one linged gate gives free ingress to cows and pigs, unless all these things are positively unavoidable. "The field of the sluggard" met with no commendation from the wisest of men. The shiftless contentment of the lazy man is no akin to the resignation of the true Christian, who submits humbly to the Lord's will, even when inclination is sorely crossed.

The best sermon to preach to some people would seem to be the duty of discontent with their present surroundings. There is no hope of arousing them to improve until they can be shook awake, and made to open their eyes to the wretchedness their sluggish contentment has brought them into; have them dissatisfied if you can with the crazy old house and broken fence, the sorrel grown fields, and garden of nettles. Show them the improvement a pound of nails and a half a day's labor would make on the house and yard, and it need lend a helping hand to start the ball of improvement. You will never lose time by such good deeds, and it will give you satisfaction every time you recall it.—When you have done your best to improve yourself and your condition, then is the time and place for contentment to come in. Then you may cheerfully leave the results to a higher power, satisfied that you will not receive the condemnation of the "slothful servant."

A young man in Louisville examined a keg of damaged gunpowder with a red hot poker to see if it was good. It is believed by his friends that he has gone to Europe, although a man has found some human bones and a piece of shirt about twenty miles from Louisville.

A son of the Rev. S. H. Brown, Editor and Proprietor of the "Christian Neighbor," had his arm broken by being caught in the machinery of a press in the printing office.

The Vote.
According to the official report of the Board of State Canvassers, as stated by a Columbia correspondent of the Daily News, the total vote cast at the State elections of the 19th ultimo, was 134,579, of which the Radical candidate for Governor received 84,475 votes, and the Reform candidate 50,104 votes. At the constitutional elections of 1868 the total vote was 97,846, and at the election for Governor 92,750, but in the Presidential election, two years ago, the entire vote was 108,153. The vote cast last month is, therefore, 26,426 votes in excess of the highest vote ever before cast in this State. According to the census taken last year, the total number of voters in the State was 148,716, viz: 69,801 white, and 89,415 colored; so that, assuming that every vote was deposited by a person qualified to vote, and who had not already voted, (which is contrary to both knowledge and belief,) there were 14,000 voters who did not go to the polls. Making allowance for the repeating and ballot-box stuffing, which the Radicals are known to have practiced, it is probable that 20,000 legal votes were not brought out by the stirring canvass of 1870. These figures make one point clear, viz: That the white strength, while steadily increasing, is not yet fully polled, and that the colored people are not, as was suggested, disposed to refrain from exercising the privilege of the suffrage secured to them by the laws of this State and of the United States.—In future elections, therefore, where the canvass is active and thorough, the whites and blacks will poll within ten or twelve per cent. of the full legal vote.

The entire number of votes cast for Judge Carpenter, the Reform candidate for Governor, was 50,104. This is the highest vote ever cast in the State in opposition to Radicalism. Against the constitution of 1868 only 27,268 votes were polled, and in the same year the Democratic vote was only 45,237. The anti Radicals have gained, therefore, in round numbers, 5,000 votes since the elections held two years ago. At that time the lines were plainly drawn between Radicalism and Democracy; the Democrats offered the negroes nothing more than a qualified suffrage; the Democratic platform declared that the Reconstruction acts, which were then the guarantee to the freedmen that they should be the political equals of the whites—were "unconstitutional, revolutionary and void." With all these drawbacks the Democratic party polled only 5,000 votes less than are polled in 1870 by the Reform party—which makes no political issue, which recognizes the civil and political equality of whites and blacks, and which declares that the amendments incorporated into the State and Federal constitutions, since the war, are accomplished facts, having the force and obligation of law. The Reform party was supported by the white people, as a body; it was led and defended by the ablest of our younger statesmen, and by the soldiers whom the State most honors and trusts. The platform of the party gave the colored man a guarantee of all his rights and privileges; colored men helped to define that platform; colored men were candidates for office on the county tickets; the two races worked together, as it seemed, with the one object of obtaining a government for the State. The result is a gain of 5,000 votes in a year, while the Radical party, in the same period, gains more than 20,000 votes. The Radical vote at the Presidential election in 1868 was 62,916; it now is 84,475.

[Charleston News.]

Old Sisters and Young Brothers.—Sisters, do not turn off your younger brothers as if they were always in your way, and any service which they might ask of you were a burden. Perhaps the hour may come when, over a coffin that is strangely longer than you thought, and over a pale brow where often, half unwittingly and perhaps with a petulant push, you parted the hair—you bend with blinding tears and sobs that shake your very soul, while remorseful memory is busy with the bygone hours. You will wish then that when he came and asked you to help him in his play, or to lift him on your lap because he was tired, or take him out because he wanted to see, you had laid aside your book and made the little heart glad.—*Aikman's Life at Home.*

KINDNESS, like the gentle breath of Spring, melts the icy heart. The beauty of holiness, like the sun, is seen by its own light.

A Parisian Expert.
When the opera of the "Prophet" was first brought out in Paris, so great was the demand for seats that tickets were sold at a most extravagant premium. One night a young officer, who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket, was dexterously lightened of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief, he recovered the stolen timepiece. Then, taking the thief aside, he said:

"You are an expert in your profession, and now I wish to avail myself of your skill."

"Monsieur le capitain may command me."

"Then go immediately and relieve some gentleman of his ticket, and I will pay you one hundred francs. No hesitation! Be quick!"

"It shall be done."

In a minute the thief was back with an elegant case containing four tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of Mademoiselle Solange Duda-vant engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the captain, "you have been robbing a lady!"

"No indeed, sir," replied the sharper. "There is my unfortunate victim," he continued, pointing to a young gentleman who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of ladies within the vestibule.

"Dolt!" exclaimed the captain, "that is a lady dressed en cavalier; it is Mademoiselle Solange Duda-vant! Return the articles immediately!"

"Monsieur is right," said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when that lady is the daughter of George Sand. Excuse me, Monsieur; I will yet find you a ticket."

In an instant the thief placed himself before Mademoiselle Solange, with a profound bow.

"Begging Mademoiselle's pardon," he said, "she has had the misfortune to drop her card case."

"Thank you, kindly," replied Mademoiselle Solange. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, Mademoiselle, permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets in your case, whereas your party consists of only three persons."

"You then would like to have the extra ticket?" asked Mademoiselle.

"Exactly so, Mademoiselle. You are quite welcome to it," said the lady.

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having noticed the manner in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to receive it and pay the promised hundred francs.

An Extract from Dickens.
"The rain fell heavily, and a dark mist drooping over the distant town hid it from view. The chill wind was howling, and the day was darkening moodily, when Harriet, raising her eyes from the work on which she had long since been engaged, saw one of these travelers approaching. A woman. A solitary woman, of some thirty years of age, tall, well formed, handsome, miserably dressed, the soil of many country roads in varied weather—dust, chalk, clay, gravel—clotted on her gray cloak by the streaming wet; no bonnet on her head, nothing to defend her rich black hair from the rain but a torn handkerchief. As her hands, swept across her face, there was a reckless and regardless beauty in it, a dauntless and depraved indifference to more than weather; a carelessness of what was cast upon her bare head from heaven or earth; that, coupled with her misery and loneliness, touched the heart of her fellow woman. She thought of all that was perverted and debased within her, no less than without; of the modest graces of the mind, hardened and steeled, like these attractions of the person; of the many gifts of the Creator flung to the winds like the wild hair; of all the beautiful ruin upon which the storm was beating and the night was coming.

"Thinking of this, she did not turn away with a delicate indignation, too many of her own compassionate sex too often do. She pitied her. She asked her to come in, and helped her to bind up her bruised and bleeding foot. The woman caught her arm, and, drawing it before her own eyes, hid them against it and wept. 'Have you been far?' 'Very far. Months upon months over the sea, and far away even then. I have been where convicts go,' she added, looking full upon her enter-

tainer. 'I have been one myself.' 'Heaven help you and forgive you,' was the gentle answer. 'Ah! heaven help me and forgive me!' she returned, nodding her head at the fire. 'If man would help some of us a little more, God would forgive us all the sooner, perhaps.'"

Patient Work.—The success of life, if achieved at all, must begin from the point where each one of us stands. It can be surely attained only by beginning now, and by toiling steadily and hard.

Hundreds of young men are waiting for favorable circumstances and for agreeable employment. This plea is but a soft way of excusing laziness. A man has no place but the one in which he stands; no time but the present; no chance but the one before him; no work but that which he can do to-day in his place. From that place, along that path, by that work, must he go so much higher and better as he is able to. But let him start to-day.

Indolence and pride may whisper, Wait for better opportunities. But the voice of great men sounds down to us from the heights of honorable success: "If you see no opportunities, make them." Resolute industry to-day, in whatever work comes to hand, is the sure guarantee of future wealth and worth.

A TEXAN ANECDOTE.—About the close of the Texan war, a steamboat was running between New Orleans and Galveston, the captain of which, in a truly pathetic way, let it be known that he would transport the discharged Texan soldiers to New Orleans without fee or reward. It may be made a sure thing that the worthy steamboat man was not without calls.—One day a stalwart fellow came down and demanded passage on the aforesaid promise. The captain looked at him for a moment, and then asked:

"Were you in the war?"

"Yes, Sir-r-r-r," responded the six-footer.

"What were you?" said the captain.

"A high private," answered the applicant.

"Go right on board, stranger," said the captain. "I've been running this boat two years, and carried up more than two thousand men that fit, but you're the first private I've met so far."

The census takers throughout the country, in comparing notes, find that the highest age attained by unmarried women is 26 years. Heretofore it used to be 28. It is well to have the time definitely fixed when women cease to grow older.

The by-laws of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Illinois, which prohibited colored persons from admission into Masonic lodges in that State, have been repealed.

THE INSURRECTION IN MARTINIQUE.—Later advices from the French island of Martinique show that the result of the insurrection there, on the 23d ult., was the burning of about twenty sugar estates and the killing of several respectable planters. The insurrectionary bands were composed of idle and worthless persons. The Governor, who is an experienced soldier, speedily suppressed the mutiny, and many of the persons concerned in it tried to escape to the neighboring English island of St. Lucia, but were prevented. In about six days after the outbreak, the insurgents, who were estimated to number about 400, were entirely dispersed, captured, and some of them killed. Eugene Lesalle, the principal ring-leader, was captured on the 1st of October. On the third inst., the volunteers that had been called out were disbanded, and the prisoners were under trial by a military commission. The island is now quiet.

According to the London Daily News, the French Government is buying great quantities of arms, ammunition, clothing, &c., in London. They pay cash down and any price required. The Prussians are also buying tons of blankets as if they expected to spend the winter in France.—The London Times is curious to see whether Poles will make any protest against the export of arms, &c., from America.—Five million pounds of gunpowder is the amount of the English order, and the market is swept of every sort of firearm. In the meantime Birmingham has gone to work on heavy orders from Russia. The question is asked, is it to be murder on mass?

PREACHING THAT PAY.—The sale of pews in Mr. Beecher's fashionable church, in Brooklyn, realized \$175,000, the other day. A better proof could not be asked of the popularity of that preacher, whatever we may think of him in other respects.

A DIFFICULTY occurred on Tuesday last, about five miles from Edgely Court House, caused by the refusal of a party of negroes to be arrested on warrants from the sheriff and a trial justice for stealing hogs from the plantation of Mr. C. A. Chestnut.